A

LETTER

FROM

A Whig in Town,

To his Friend

A Whig in the Country;

Containing a full Account of the two late Elections made of new Lord Mayors for the enſuing Year, in the City of *Dublin*.

Ye are they that ought to ſpeak, who is Lord over us?

SIR,

I Could wiſh you had been leſs pleas'd with the late Behaviour of our Aldermen, for then you had been leſs impatient to have the whole ſtory drawn out to its full length, and

would have ſav'd both your old Friend and your ſelf from a great deal of Trouble. However, that you may be better able hereafter to ſtop the Mouths of thoſe obſtinate *Tories*, who are perpetually diſturbing your Neighbourhood with Objections about this Affair, which you know not how to evade, nor how to anſwer, but by a blunt Denial of them, I will endeavour for a while to lay aſide all Prejudice as well as I can, and to ſend you a full Account of the whole Fact with ſome few Remarks ſcatter'd upon it, which may at leaſt ſerve to ſtrengthen ſome of our Brethren in the Country, whatever Effect they may have upon the Malignant.

Upon the 18th of laſt *April* Sir *Samuel Cook*, the preſent Lord Mayor, whom we muſt all allow whether we will or no, to be a Perſon of ſingular Worth and Probity, at the uſual Time and Place appointed, and before the whole Board of Aldermen, whom he had call'd together for that Purpoſe, was pleas'd to propoſe and nominate theſe three Aldermen, Mr. *Conſtantine*, Mr. *Maſon*, and Mr. *Stoyte*, as being the three immediate Seniors below the Cuſhion: And indeed I am apt to believe, that his Lordſhip expected that one of the two High-Church Aldermen would have been Elected for the enſuing Year, and that his

Brethren

Brethren would have been well enough ſatisfied that Mr. *Stoyte* ſhould have come into that Honour the Year following, when a new Common-Council was to be Call'd and Choſen; and for my part, I cannot but wiſh that they had anſwer'd his Expectation, both for their own ſakes, and for the ſake of our Cauſe: But it ſeems little do we know the Secrets of the Party, which the Aldermen are let into, for they wiſely conſider'd, that they had already felt too much of the Rod in the Hand of a High-Church Man; and that as the Times go, it was not ſafe to truſt the Magiſtracy of ſo great and ſo populous a City, but with one of their own Stamp, in whom they could confide; therefore not knowing what another Year may bring forth, they without any Scruple, or any Ceremony, paſs'd by both Mr. *Conſtantine* and Mr. *Maſon*, two errant Tories as any in the whole City, and without any regard either to Seniority or to Cuſtom, or to brotherly Affection, they carried the Election for Alderman *Stoyte*, a very honeſt Gentleman, and a Man after their own Heart, with ſo great a Majority of Voices, that the two others put into Election had but each a ſingle Voice: So much are we oblig'd to thoſe worthy Patriots of our Country, who have put that Revolution Spirit into them, and have taught them ſo

well to break through the little Forms of Law or Custom upon every proper Occasion.

When they had thus made a Lord Mayor Elect to their own liking, I am told that when between our selves, I and some other of our fast Friends, were much afraid that the Government and Council would be provok'd to insist upon their Right of approving at Pleasure; when the Aldermen had so peremptorily insisted upon their Right of Electing at Pleasure, that yet for all this these very Men had so good an Opinion of their Man, and of their Cause, that they did reckon upon the Approbation, and were so absurd as to believe that the G[illegible] and Council would be more fearful to pass by Alderman *Stoyte*, than they themselves were to disoblige two of their own Brethren. But it seems there was a more fearless Spirit than was expected in the Council, and our Friend Mr. *Stoyte* was unluckily disapprov'd, and so the whole Scheme of securing a perpetual Succession of Whiggish Magistrates, Whiggish Common-Councils, and Whiggish Juries, which had been so well laid and concerted by our worthy R[illegible]r.

And now before I proceed to the Story of the next Election, it may not be amiss to acquaint you with some pretended Reasons

ſons againſt *Conſtantine* and *Maſon*; for as to the true Reaſon, you and I and every one of us know, that it is taken from their High-Church Principles. To begin then with Mr. *Conſtantine*, you may perhaps remember a very merry Reaſon formerly given by the Recorder, that Mrs. *Conſtantine* was very unacceptable to moſt of the Aldermens Wives and Daughters, and that ſhe was a Perſon very much unqualified to bear the Character of the Lady Mayoreſs; and I can aſſure you, that however there may ſeem to be an Air of Mirth in the Argument, yet it has its force to this very Day. But beſides, there was another Reaſon againſt Mr. *Conſtantine*, of great Force and Moment, becauſe he was ſo wickedly diſpoſed as to intend to make that Man his Sheriff, who had drunk a Health to the late Lord *Rocheſter*. I know there are ſome Perſons who make a Jeſt of this Reaſon, but let them be as merry as they pleaſe, you and I do know full well, that that very Toaſt at that time was an undoubted Mark and Criterion of a thorough-pac'd Tory, and therefore very unfit to be truſted with Liberty and Property.

But for that Matter, if there was no reaſon at all againſt Mr. *Conſtantine* at preſent, it is certain that he has given ſo much Trouble and Vexation to our Friends the

Aldermen, and ſo much has the publick Cheſt of the City ſuffered upon his Account, that he is not to be forgiven.

Becauſe the more Money the Aldermen have ſpent in this Conteſt, the leſs they have left to reward their Friends and mollify their Enemies on any other Occaſion.

Then s to Mr. *Maſon*, it is well known, that he has been all along a hearty Stickler for his Brother *Conſtantine*; and it was obſerved of him, that when he went out from the Board after the Nomination with the other two Perſons put into Election, that he deſir'd thoſe who intended a Vote for him, would beſtow it upon his Brother *Conſtantine*; which would have been an incomparable Reaſon for putting by *Maſon*, if *Conſtantine* had been Elected; but however, it looks tolerably well in the Mouths of thoſe who voted for *Stoyte*, and I'm afraid if the Truth was known, never intended a Vote for *Maſon*.

I have inſiſted the longer upon theſe Reaſons, to convince you of the Weight of them, and how unjuſtly they have been ſlighted by our Enemies; and I now paſs on to the Story of the next Election, which will ſhew you the true Spirit of our Aldermen, far above all the gallant things which they have ever done for our Cauſe before.

Upon

Upon the Eighth of *May* laſt, the Lord Mayor having ſummon'd the Board of Aldermen in order to proceed to another Election; according to an ancient if not immemorial Cuſtom, (but what do we care for that when it makes againſt us) inſiſted upon a Right of Nominating Three Aldermen according to his own Will and Pleaſure, without once asking leave of our Aldermen whether he ſhould do it or no; a Right which however it may be ſafe and convenient, and much to be wiſh'd for in the Hands of an honeſt Whig-Magiſtrate, yet ought never to be allow'd to a High-Churchman, whatever Pretenſions he may have to it, either from Law or from Cuſtom. For by virtue of this very Right, were the Aldermen almoſt put under a Neceſſity of Electing either Sir *William Fownes*, or Mr. *Conſtantine*, or *Mr. Maſon*; and now do you judge, whether any of thoſe three Perſons be fit to govern ſo populous a City. What! tho' they be Brethren, tho' they be Proteſtants, tho' they be no ill *Men*, yet are they not all rank Tories? Are they not all Perſons acceptable to the preſent *Miniſtry*? Do they not all of them love Peace better than a glorious War? Nay may God forgive them, I believe there is not one of them, that is not almoſt every Day of his Life diſpos'd to drink a Health to the Doctor.

When the good Aldermen saw themselves thus pinn'd down to so hard a Choice, you cannot imagine how they struggled for Liberty; but particularly it would have done your Heart good, to have seen the two Speeching Aldermen *Burton*, and *Walton*, exerting themselves upon this Occasion. Sometimes endeavouring with big Words, and big Looks, but in Vain, to frighten the Lord Mayor out the right of Nomination, and sometimes seeking about for an Expedient, if it could be found, to make a better Lord Mayor of their own. And after many long and warm Debates, when nothing would prevail upon his Lordship to part with any of his Three Men; they then indeed with more Cunning than good Manners, desir'd to have the Oath of a Freeman spread upon the Table, and to stare him full in the Face, considering very wisely, that if his Lordship had then been conscious to himself of betraying those Rights of the City, which he had sworn to maintain, when so many Eyes were upon him, it would have been an easy Matter to have gather'd Guilt and Confusion from his Countenance, if there had been the least Trace of either upon it. But they say, to do him Justice, that he heard it read over with all the Calmness and Innocence that can be conceiv'd, and was so

far

far from being asham'd of himself, that he rather seem'd the more confirm'd in his first Purpose.

Then one of our Aldermen, who was more noisy than the rest, stood up with a very angry Face, and told him, that *Michaelmas would come, and then* ..... my Lord Mayor immediately left the Chair, and broke up the Assembly, which was so well observ'd by our trusty Friend Alderman *Burton*, that he starts out of his Seat, and with an Air of great Authority, declares Alderman *Pleasant* to be Lord Mayor Elect, in the Name of himself and of his Brethren; and that too in the very critical Minute, when my Lord Mayor was stepping out of the Room. Which Fact whether it be safe or lawful, is not much Matter to you and me, but surely it was a very gallant Attempt, and 'tis a thousand pities that they should suffer for venturing so far to serve so good a Cause.

While our Friends were thus employ'd, the Lord Mayor with Sir *William Fownes*, *Constantine*, *Mason* and *French*, left the Room, and to tell you the plain Truth; I'm afraid that his Lordship had quitted the Chair, before *Burton* had declar'd in Favour of *Pleasant*, and that there was not a Man there, who did not believe that the Meeting was as fairly broke up and dis-

solv'd,

ſolv'd, as a Meeting of that kind could be. But no matter for that, 'tis plain there was room enough for Cavil and Diſpute; for has not every Alderman a right of Speaking, and conſequently of Nominating at the Board, as well as my Lord Mayor? Is not every Alderman as much oblig'd to have the Magiſtracy of the City put into proper Hands? Who can tell but that another Lord Mayor may turn *Jew* or *Mahometan*, or *Papiſt*, or what is more abominable in our Eyes be a virulent Tory; and that Three more Aldermen out of the Twenty Four may alſo *fall from Grace*, and then in ſuch a Caſe, what would become of us and our City; and who would be ſo preciſe as not to break through a known Law, on purpoſe to guard even againſt ſuch a Poſſibility.

I muſt confeſs there is a plain Paragraph enough againſt them in the New-Rules, wherein 'tis expreſs'd in full Terms, that there can be no Election of a Lord Mayor, or Recorder, or Town-Clerk, without the Concurrence of the Lord Mayor in being, but what do we care for the plaineſt Rule in the whole World, as long as we have *B*------*k* or *W*----- or even the *R*------ himſelf on our Side.

We all know how eaſy a thing it is to make Objections, and to raiſe a Duſt about the

the moſt plain and obvious Thing: Nay, I queſtion whether it be poſſible for all the Wit of Man to make an Act of Parliament ſo ſtrong and every way ſo well guarded, that an old Subtile Lawyer ſhall not eaſily make a way to eſcape thorough. And hence it was that our Brethern the Aldermen, having ventured ſomewhat out of their Depth, immediately ſent for the Recorder, to keep their Heads above Water; who came with a very willing Mind to ſerve them at that critical Juncture, and ſhew'd a Heart ſo warm and ſo true to the good old Cauſe of Liberty, that they all ſeem'd to be pleas'd and much Comforted with the ſight of him. Truly he had as much Law for them, as they cou'd reaſonably expect from him, ſo well is he known to his own Creatures, but which ſhews you the great Diſcretion and Modeſty of the Man, he had immediate recourſe to the beſt Lawyers of our Party, and particularly to ſuch, as had been very lately turn'd out of very profitable Employs, whom he wiſely concluded, would be glad to ſnatch at an Occaſion of Vexing, oppoſing, and ſtruggling with thoſe who had lately diſcarded them.

When the Council learned in the Law had met together not ſo much to adviſe the Aldermen what to do, as to find out reaſons for

for what they had done already, they agreed upon it that the Election of *Pleasant* was defensible, and that much might be said in Favour of that Proceeding if it should come to a publick Hearing. But in the mean time they advise them to Elect a new Sheriff, which they did with one Voice, nominating a Man of thorough Revolution-Principles.

I had almost forgot to mention one notable Circumstance, which was of great Use upon this Occasion; but whether the Aldermen themselves or their learned Council took hold of the Advantage, we are yet in the Dark: The Lord Mayor leaving his Brethren in some kind of hurry happened very luckily to leave the Sword behind him, which they very wisely observing to be the true Mark and Ensign of a Civil Magistrate, concluded that while that remain'd amongst them, the full Power and Authority of the Lord Mayor was there too, whether he himself be present or no. Nay they say, that some more warm and cunning than the Rest carried it so far, that they urged that the whole Power of a Lord Mayor lay so entirely between the Rod and the Sword, that if his Lordship had but left the white Stick by the same good Chance, that the Sword was forgot, it might very well have pass'd for an Abdication.

Thus

Thus did these hearty Sticklers for Liberty improve every Occasion, and take hold of every little twig to support their Cause. And when they had thus elected a Lord *Mayor*, and a Sheriff after their own Heart, that they might shew their good Inclinations to Peace and Unity, they sent a Messenger from the Board (or rather from the Table, because there can be no Board without the Lord Mayor) to desire my Lord Mayor to return to the Tholsel, in order to finish the Business of the Day. But the Lord Mayor receiv'd the Message with great Resolution and Presence of Mind, and sent this Answer back, that he was then going to the Blue-Boys Hospital, where they too were all oblig'd to attend. So little Advantage do we gain to our Cause, from a Man who knows neither how to be angry, nor how to fear. At last when the Aldermen had receiv'd that Answer, to let the World see that a Lord Mayor was an insignificant sort of a Magistrate; they finish'd the Work of the Day as well as could be expected, and Adjourn'd to the *Rose-Tavern*, where they met with their learned Council, who took care to fill their Heads with so much Law, and so much Wine, that all Secret Fears and Misgivings of Mind, and all Scruples were then washed quite and clean away, and they remain to

this

this very Day, not only; not afraid, and not ashamed of what they have done; but they grow every Day more and more pleas'd with themselves, and with their Behaviour. I hope that you are so well tir'd with the length of this Epistle, that you will be more cautious hereafter, of creating to your self more Trouble.

From Sir,

Your very humble Servant.

Lately Publish'd

A *Critico-Philological Essay on the Original and History of* Recorders, *proving from the best Glossographers, viz.* Minsheu, Skinner, Spelman, Matthias, Martinus, Jo. Baret's Alveary, Perotti, Cornu Copiæ, *and Others, that a* Recorder *was in ancient Times the Musician or* Piper *attending the Chief Magistrate of each Corporation; and that hence the Musical Instrument, entitul'd a* Recorder, *deriv'd its Name. Humbly Inscrib'd to the Learned Critick Dr.* Bentley, *printed for the use of the Author* P. W. Philocriticus, *and sold only by Mr.* Fox-

Forſter *at the Sign of the* Recorder *in* Temple-Bar, London.

N. B. *This uſeful Critical Eſſay is Calculated like Dr.* Whaley's *Almanacks for the Meridian of* Dublin; *and, with ſome little Variation, may ſerve for the Meridian of* London *and other Towns Corporate in* Great Britain *and* Ireland.

The following Books will be ſoon Publiſh'd.

A *Full Account of the famous Actions of the* ~~Recorder~~ *of the City of* ~~Dublin~~, *with rational Conjectures on what Grounds that Relation is grounded, in which 'tis Demonſtrated from ſeveral Inſtances, that his Dutiful Children have punctually obſerv'd the wholſom Directions given 'em.*

The Lives of Sir Salathiel Lovel, *Kt. late Recorder of* London, *and* ~~Hoyle~~ *the preſent Recorder of* ~~Dublin~~ *with an Abſtract of their Printed Works viz. Speeches and Addreſſes, and an Appendix in which after the manner of the Learned* Plutarch's *Compariſons of the* Greeks *and* Romans *theſe two are faithfully Compared as to their Skill in Law, their Zeal for the good Old Cauſe; but eſpecially in their Witty and Remarkable Sayings.*

A

A compleat List of all the Toasts, viz. the Litany, Healths, &c. drank by the Aldermen of Dublin at the Tholsel of the said City, since the 5th Day of November 1688. as they were faithfully copy'd from the Pocket Book of the late Sir Humphrey Gibbons, Knight and Alderman, and attested by a Notary Publick, under his Hand and Seal of Office the 2d Day of June, 1713.

A full and true Account, of the strange and wonderful Apparition of Alderman Pennington, one of the Judges of the Blessed Martyr King Charles the First, to an Alderman of Dublin, with the Particulars which pass'd between them, and the Speech of the said Pennington at Parting; in which he assures the said Alderman, that Lucifer was the first who preach'd and practis'd [illegible] approve them, that Belzebub is extremely pleas'd with his late Conduct, and earnestly desires him and his Brethren, until he appears again to him, to follow the Advice and Directions of their Worthy Recorder.

FINIS.